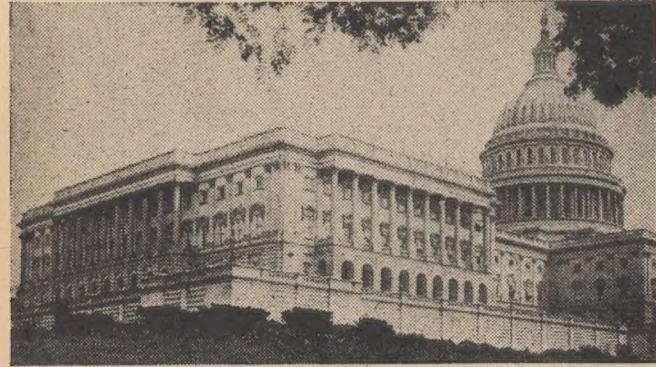


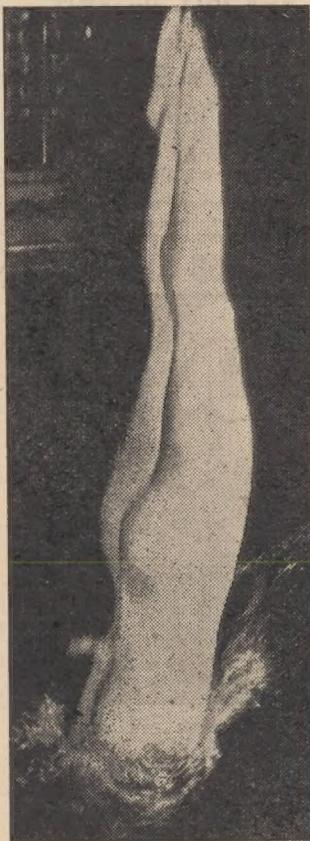
Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



WHAT! YOU CAN'T WRITE About LOVE?

Dive in!



THERE he sits, licking a pencil stub, writing to his girl. We can sympathise with him. We know how it is.

For we're all writing 'em—love letters! We've got to!

Bet—any money you like that the crop of love letters we're producing to-day in submarines, in depot ships and Nissen huts are as good as the great love letters that have come down through history.

As a K.C. once declared—alas! it was in a breach-of-promise suit—the test of a love letter is "sincerity."

What rating, then, in 1944 for Gabrielle d'Annunzio, the Italian poet, whose epistles were once thought to reach the height of passionate longing?

"Thou are for me a garden closed," he wrote to a Sicilian princess, "a garden girt with an insurmountable wall. Thou are like a hiltless sword, radiant, but never brandished..."

It reeks to-day of sawdust and stuffing.

It's the same with the famous letters of Napoleon to Josephine, missives which have changed hands in the auction room for thousands of pounds.

"Far from you the nights are long and sad," wrote Buonaparte. "Near you I regret that it is not always night... Sweet, incomparable Josephine, how strangely you sway my heart!"

For all that, he divorced her.

And then there's the self-pity in Wagner:

"My dearest Wife, It grieves me very much to think that you mean to leave me alone so much longer. When I come home at evening to a house empty of you, I hate the fireside."

Yet he was unfaithful to her for years at a time.

Perhaps the real trouble with the fervencies of the past is that we take their greatness for granted. Only an antiquary is likely to plough through the 400-page love letter in the British Museum which was penned to his girl-friend by one of Good Queen Bess's courtiers.

And it taxes your patience to decipher from the crabb'd hand of Henry VIII:—

"By turning over in my thoughts the contents of your last letters, I have put myself into a great agony, not knowing whether to my disadvantage as I understand them, whether to my disadvantage as I understand some others..."

The recipient was Anne Boleyn, fated to be misunderstood, for he chopped off her head.

Then there is this fervent but tiresome collector's item written by the poet Keats to Fanny Brawne:—

"My love has made me sel-

fish. I cannot exist without you. I am forgetful of everything but seeing you again—my life seems to stop there—I see no further..."

Personally, many prefer a simpler letter, written by Prince Albert to Queen Victoria:—

"I can only imagine you in your little blue sitting-room, feeling rather lonely; we were so happy sitting together on the little blue sofa."

Can you, too, detect that note of sincerity?

And then, for Leap Year, there are the famous letters of the otherwise almost forgotten Julie Lespinasse:—

"You are so charming that only one profoundly experienced could distrust you. So do not come at ten o'clock to-night. Come earlier!"

Does she pass muster?

Rousseau, a lover who knew more about billets-doux than Casanova, perhaps put the old sweet story in a pen-and-ink nutshell.

"To write a love letter," he said, "we must begin without knowing what we mean to say—and finish with-

CONGRESS—OR COMMONS?

J. M. Michaelson tells how U.S.—U.K. differ



THE United States House of Representatives, which corresponds to our House of Commons, is going to consider whether it will adopt a procedure like "Question Time" over here.

It is a reminder that although the U.S. assembly was modelled on the House of Commons, they have evolved along different lines.

When the U.S. Constitution was framed and the first Congress decided on its rules and methods of procedure, the right to question Ministers existed in the Commons, but was rarely exercised. Hence they did not consider it.

To-day there are probably good features in both assemblies of the people's representatives which might be "exchanged" with benefit.

If there are people in the U.S. who would like to have a "Question Time" at every meeting of Congress, there are people in Britain who think we might with benefit adopt the Congress rule of publishing the names of the voters at each division—and the absentees!

BUT in a short article it is possible only to describe some of the contrasts between the two great assemblies. Probably the thing that would strike the visitor from England visiting Congress for the first time would be the great variety of accents in both the House of Representatives ("The Commons") and the Senate ("The Lords," but elected by popular vote).

There is good reason for this variety of speech. In Britain anyone can stand in any constituency, and it is not unusual to have a man from the Midlands becoming M.P. for a Devon constituency or a Londoner for a Yorkshire constituency.

Article I of the U.S. Constitution laid it down that Representatives and Senators must be residents of the district or State for which they are elected. Superficially, this is apparent in the great variety of accents, from Kentucky to California, that are heard.

The real differences resulting are deeper. It means there are no "safe seats" which can be given to good party members, and it means a close link between the electors and their representatives.

When representatives and senators "go home"—and there is always a very long break in the summer—they automatically go back to the people who elected them and learn their views. The great distances of the U.S. make the constant travelling to and from constituencies (so common in Britain) impossible, even with air travel.

A candidate has to be 25 before he can stand for the House of Representatives, 30 before he can enter the Senate. In Britain he can take his seat in the Commons or Lords at 21. Nevertheless the average age of Members in the U.S. is rather below that in Britain, especially at the present time. And there is a tendency for war.

In Britain, the Speaker of the House of Commons is a very important man. He "rules" the Commons, and in any State procession is "The first comoner of the realm."

Even Lord Nelson slipped up in writing to Lady Hamilton.

"I have bought your picture," he said. "If it had cost me 300 drops of blood, I would have given it with pleasure."

But then he slipped up:

"After we go into the Ballito," he added, "it may be very dangerous writing, for my correspondence will certainly be published. Therefore I shall never sign my name in future."

The note of precaution unquestionably spoilt the effect.

The famous romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet, similarly, produced the largest number of love letters ever written by one woman—15,000 devoted notes in 50 years. But they savour of undue persistence. And when Robbie Burns wrote to Agnes McLehose, wasn't he being a little too flowery?

Burns was corresponding romantically with two other women, but to Agnes he wrote:

"Oh, what a fool I am in love! What an extravagant prodigal of affection! Why are your sex called the tender sex when I have never met one who can repay me in passion?"

Shall I annoy Scotsmen if I say that the tone perhaps seems a little too studied? And, anyway, it wouldn't do nowadays.

"To write a love letter," he said, "we must begin without knowing what we mean to say—and finish with-

more men to be close to the average.

Members from Britain, comparing notes with representatives in the U.S., would find they were better paid. Instead of the M.P.'s £600 a year, they get 10,000 dollars—say, just over £2,000.

Moreover, they benefit on expenses, being allowed not only travelling expenses at about 3½d. a mile, in place of the British M.P.'s railway voucher, but also the cost of a secretary.

However, the advantage is probably greater on paper than in fact, for living in Washington is a great deal more expensive than in London.

It is rather easier for members of the public in the U.S. to see their legislators at work than for Britons to watch their M.P.s. Soldiers now get free entrance to the public gallery of the Capitol, and any other visitor has only to send his name in to get a ticket.

But the seats in the public gallery are no more comfortable than those in the old Commons. Even the part reserved for diplomats is not upholstered.

In place of the division of the House into "Government" and "Opposition" benches, long traditional in Britain, the Americans have rather the semi-circular grouping round the platform reserved for the President. Below this platform sit the leaders of the two parties, who virtually control the proceedings.

The furnishings of the Houses are now old-fashioned, although the new wings in which the Senate and House of Representatives sit date only from the sixties. Various temporary repairs show that, like their British counterparts, they are in need of structural repair, held up by the urgency of the

length of life.

Perhaps the most striking contrast the student of Parliamentary institutions would find is that the "Cabinet"—the leading executives—in the U.S. are not members of either House. They are responsible to the President, who has far greater powers than a British Prime Minister.

The greater part of the real work of Congress is done in committees. There are a great many of these, and Bills are only presented with their approval. For a member of either Congress or the Senate to get a Bill through is as hard as for a private Member in the House of Commons.

Only a very small proportion of the 10,000 Bills a year put forward even to get to the stage of being considered by a Committee. After that it has still to be considered by a joint House and Senate Committee, in Britain, he is elected by the and if it gets their approval,

in the House of Representatives, speeches are "rationed" to one hour. This becomes five minutes if the House is sitting in Committee. In the Senate there is no limit to the length of speeches and no restriction on debate.

In the past some wonderful pieces of obstruction—called "filibusters"—have taken place. To compensate for this rationing, the House of Representatives has what seems a good institution.

Members who do not say all they have to say, either because of the time limit or from fear of wearying their colleagues, can ask permission for the unread speech to be put on record in the "Journal," which, like our Hansard, publishes a complete record of the proceedings.

And—there is this advantage: Probably the Member's home-town paper will print his speech in full, under banner headlines.

Well, well—what would you?

There's Money in Music!

BRITAIN'S average expenditure on music, even if we exclude the vast amount that comes from the B.B.C., is estimated at £20,000,000 a year. Concerts are "booming" just now, and it may be higher.

The man who conducts a concert gets from £25 to £100, which includes the rehearsals. His earnings will vary with the number of concerts he conducts a year.

Popular conductors are now working about four times as hard as before the war. The leading five or six in Britain probably take £5,000 a year.

Highest-paid conductor in the world is Toscanini. His fee in Britain was £500. Running him close is Stokowski, who had the biggest public in the world with Walt Disney's "Fantasia." His fee is about £400.

The biggest sums have always been taken by the top-flight musicians. More than a hundred years ago Paganini was paid £17,000 for six concerts. Men like Kreisler,

Count McCormack and Paderewski were able to command virtually their own fees in times when the world was prosperous. Kreisler was reputed to get between £1,000 and £1,500 a performance at the Albert Hall.

At the same time, it must be remembered these sums are earned over comparatively short periods, and the world-famous artist has to spend great sums on hotels, transport, etc., as well as give his service freely for charity.

The men who "run" concerts probably get least out of them. They may have to spend £100,000 on a season of concerts, and their profit is a gamble.

A first-class orchestra coming from abroad may have a guarantee of perhaps £8,000 before it started—£100 had to be paid for the Albert or Queen's Hall, whether the public came or stayed away.

Great composers traditionally die poor. But Sir Edward German left £57,000, and Sir Edward Elgar, who was believed to have lost considerable sums at one time, £14,000.

"Talkies," which, it was believed, would put musicians out of work, has given them new opportunities. Anything from £100 to £1,000 may be spent on a score for a new film. Heifetz was paid £20,000 for appearing in a film, Paul Whiteman got the same sum for "The King of Jazz."

Huge sums are spent on instruments. The 4,000 brass bands of Britain alone had instruments running into millions. The top-flight Stradivarii are "priceless." Huberman was paid £8,000 compensation for the loss of his, and a greater sum was paid for the instrument known as the "Emperor." The Strad. "Messiah" sold for £8,000.

In contrast to this, in 1938 the British musical public bought 3,000,000 harmonicas, valued at £250,000, individual instruments costing from 8d. to £2 10s.

DR. MANETTE'S MANUSCRIPT

I ALEXANDRE MANETTE, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais, and afterwards resident in Paris, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year 1767. I write it at stolen intervals, under every difficulty.

I design to secrete it in the walls of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it. Some pitying hand may find it there, when I and my sorrows are dust.

These words are formed by the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scrapings of soot and charcoal from the chimney, mixed with blood, and in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast.

★ ★ ★

of about my own age, or rather younger, and that they were greatly alike, in stature, manner, voice, and (as far as I could see) face, too.

"You are Doctor Manette?" said one.

"I am."

"Doctor Manette, formerly of Beauvais," said the other, "the young physician, originally an expert surgeon, who within the last year or two has made a rising reputation in Paris?"

"Gentlemen," I returned, "I am that Doctor Manette of whom you speak so graciously."

"We have been to your residence," said the first, "and not being so fortunate as to find you there, and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed, in the hope of overtaking you. Will you please to enter the carriage?"

The manner of both was imperious, and they both moved, as these words were spoken, so as to place me between themselves and the carriage door. They were armed. I was not.

"Gentlemen," said I, "pardon me, but I usually inquire who does me the honour to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned."

The reply to this was made by him who had spoken second.

"Doctor, your clients are people of condition. As to the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us

that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage?"

I could do nothing but comply, and I entered it in silence. They both entered after me—the last springing

ings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired, but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind—that my memory is exact and circumstantial—and that I write the truth as I shall answer for these my last recorded words, whether they be ever read by men or not, at the Eternal Judgment-seat.

One cloudy moonlight night in the third week of December (I think the twenty-second of the month) in the year 1757, I was walking on a retired part of the quay by the Seine for the refreshment of the frosty air, at an hour's distance from my place of residence in the Street of the School of Medicine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast.

As I stood aside to let that carriage pass, apprehensive that it might otherwise run me down, a head was put out at the window and a voice called to the driver to stop.

The carriage stopped as soon as the driver could rein in his horses, and the same voice called to me by my name. I answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up with it. I observed that they were both wrapped in cloaks and appeared to conceal themselves.

As they stood side by side near the carriage door, I also observed that they both looked

By Charles Dickens

in, after putting up the steps. The carriage turned about, and drove on at its former speed.

I repeat this conversation exactly as it occurred. I have no doubt that it is, word for word, the same. I describe everything exactly as it took place, constraining my mind not to wander from the task. Where I make the broken marks that follow here, I leave off for the time and put my paper in its hiding-place.

The carriage left the streets behind, passed the North Barrier, and emerged upon the country road. At two-thirds of a league from the Barrier—I did not estimate the distance at that time, but afterwards, when I traversed it—it struck out of the main avenue, and presently

stopped at a solitary house.

We all three alighted, and walked, by a damp, soft footpath, in a garden where a neglected fountain had overflowed to the door of the house.

It was not opened immediately, in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of my two conductors struck the man who opened it, with his heavy riding glove, across the face.

There was nothing in this action to attract my particular attention, for I had seen common people struck more commonly than dogs.

But the other of the two, being angry likewise, struck the man in like manner with his arm; the look and bearing of the brothers were then so exactly alike that I then first perceived them to be twin brothers.

From the time of our alighting at the outer gate (which we found locked, and which one of the brothers had opened to admit us, and had relocked), I had heard cries proceeding from an upper chamber. I was conducted to this chamber straight, the cries growing louder as we ascended the stairs, and I found a patient in a high fever of the brain, lying on a bed.

(To be continued)



1. A daman is a Greek coin, priest, animal, insect, fish, Indian tree?

2. Who wrote (a) The Wife of Bath, (b) The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Lemonade, Port, Sherry, Milk, Ginger-beer, Lager, Soda-water.

4. What is the meaning of rallentando?

5. How did the Bren gun get its name?

6. Who invented margarine, and when?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Colophon, Ichneumon, Manatee, Octeroon, Pupil-lary.

8. What is a native of Monaco called?

9. Is smoke a solid, liquid or gas?

10. Who first said, "Too much of a good thing," and where?

11. What is the capital of New Zealand?

12. Complete the phrases: (a) The salt of —. (b) Sackcloth and —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 252

1. Measure (Hebrew).

2. (a) Louis Becke (b) R. L. Stevenson.

3. Basilisk is a fabulous dragon; others are parts of churches.

4. Solid.

5. Four. (Cumberland, Durham, Derby, Yorkshire).

6. Humming-bird.

7. Sciatica, Juicy.

8. Lemuel.

9. 18 miles, at Lynton, Devon.

10. Shakespeare, in "Henry IV."

11. Ottawa.

12. (a) You leap, (b) Swine.

WANGLING WORDS—208

1. Put a swear in B... OOK and make something useful to a sailor.

2. Rearrange the letters of GENT NOW ILL, and make a famous Duke.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: LINE into BAIT, MINCE into TARTS, TEACH into BRAIN, FEEB into MAY.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from ASTROLOGER?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 207

1. CREDENCE.

2. SCOTLAND.

3. BAIT, GAIT, GAIN, LAIN,

LOIN, LOON, LOOK, HOOK,

LOAN, LOAD, ROAD,

READ, REND, LEND,

CLOTH, CLOTS, SLOTS,

SPOTS, SPITS, SUITS.

HALF, CALF, CALL, PALL,

PALS, PATS, BATS, BETS,

SETS, SEAS.

4. Boar, Bail, Bait, Pray,

Baby, Boil, Toil, Oily, Pity,

Port, Blot, Play, Rota, Troy,

Plot, Tray, Bray, Bolt, Tail,

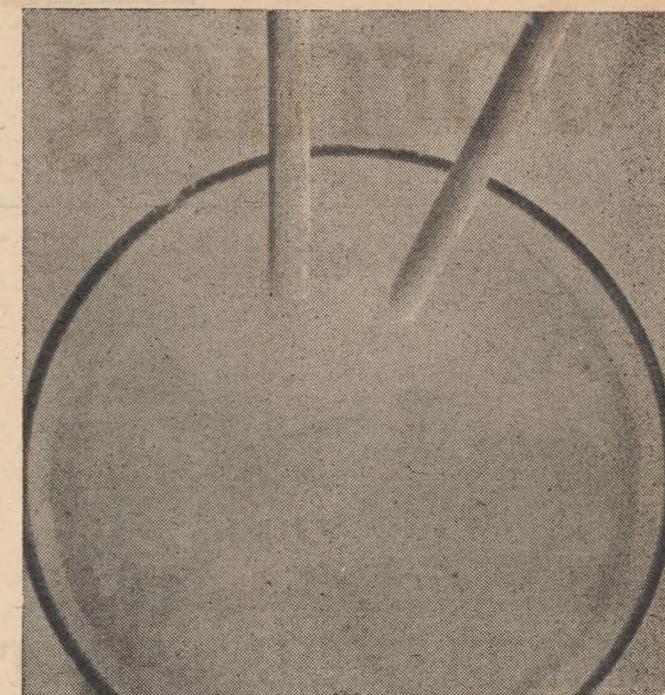
Boat, Liar, Rail, Pail, Trio, etc.

Plait, Broil, Pilot, Trail,

Trial, Lybia, Royal, Bloat, Brail,

Patio, Tabor, Tapir, Orbit, etc.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 252: End of a cigarette.

With Our Roving Cameraman

ANT HILL OUTPOST.

It's an ant hill on which this Somali boy is standing on one leg. You can think what you like about why he is standing on one leg; but why is he standing at all on an ant hill? Answer is that he daily chooses this perch to watch the cattle

you can't see and make sure they don't stray. The ant hill is one of the strange features of the landscape at Kumseh, near Burao, British Somaliland.

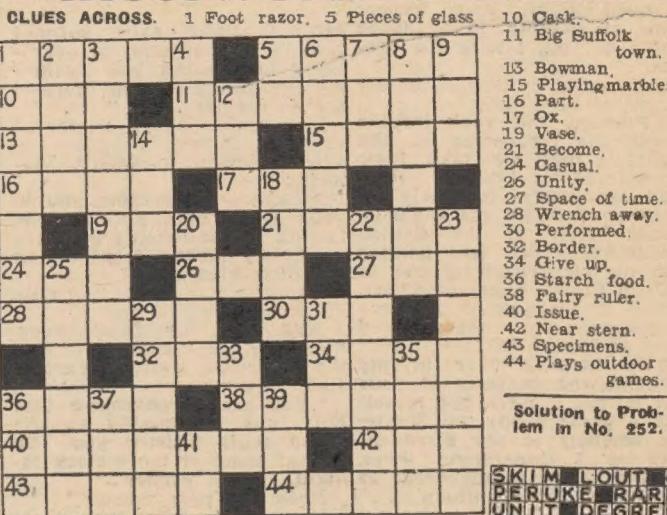


USELESS EUSTACE



"H'm. Strikes me you don't try, Winnie! He's managed to get a No. 8 battery!"

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES DOWN.

1 Little bird. 2 Beginner. 3 Comprise. 4 Bind. 5 Afterthought. 6 Fully conscious. 7 Zero. 8 Rich cake. 9 Throw. 12 Be inquisitive. 14 That lass. 18 Between sheets. 20 Distinction. 22 United. 23 High abilities. 25 Vague. 29 Glowed. 31 Cover with sugar. 33 Witty saying. 35 Remove. 36 Put. 37 Interval. 39 Entreat. 41 Because.

SKIM LOUT G
PERUKE RARE
UNIT DEGREES
M SUE MENDS
ENHANCE SEP
A LAURA ET
SIC MEGRIMS
CLOSE EON E
REVOLT MAKE
AREA HEAPED
G TROY STAY

Solution to Prob-
lem in No. 252.



"Oh, Johnny! When DOES your leave expire?"

JANE



WELL, I-ER-
THE FACT IS,
EDDIE, I DON'T
WANT TO BE
SEEN THERE!



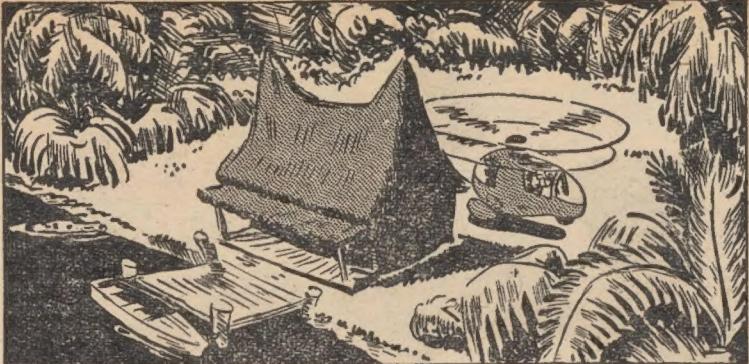
AW SHUCKS!—THE
CITY FATHERS WILL FALL
FOR THAT ACT OF YOURS
SAME AS THE YANKS
IN MUCH PETTING!—
BESIDES THE BOYS AN'
GIRLS DEPEND ON
YOU, JANE—YOU CAN'T
LET 'EM DOWN....



HOW CAN I
TELL HIM I'VE
GOT ONE THERE
ALREADY?

REFT C21

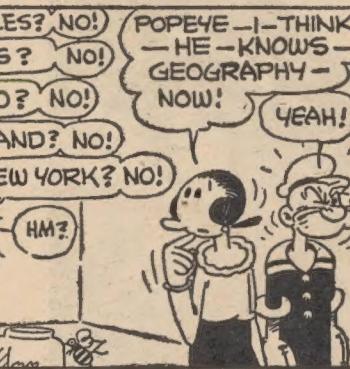
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

WHY IS THIS?

WE make comparison between the Pagan era in the world's history and our modern achievement of civilisation and civilised principles—yet we find in this war that, notwithstanding two thousand years of Christian teaching, cruelties and inhuman practices are being practised which were never resorted to when cruel wars raged even during the Pagan era. Why is this, and what is the answer to it?

Wm. Green (Pres., American Fedn. of Labour).

TAKE YOUR CHOICE! EITHER

IF industry were to become nationalised, we should become a second-class nation and our workpeople would not be able to retain their present standard of living... State control does not have to pass efficiency tests. It survives in spite of itself, and at the expense of the community.

Sir George Nelson (Pres., F.B.I.).

OR

INDUSTRY formed cartels, and regulated production and distribution, not in the interest of the consumer, but solely for its own financial benefit... Is industry going to control its own cartels and agreements, or is the State, on behalf of the nation as a whole, going to exercise a supervisory interest?

Captain George Grey, M.P.

WE LIKE LORDS.

THE Victorian Englishman rather liked his lords, and thought them a superior species to those found in other countries; and, so far as this was a comparison of political bosses, he was not altogether wrong. Not until 1909-11 was there any suggestion of a social schism, and then democracy was so little moved that it voted for itself against its oppressors merely in the proportion of fifty-one to forty-nine.

Dr. J. A. Williamson (Famous Historian).

MORE COMPETITION.

IT seems reasonable to suppose that in post-war Britain greater weight will be attached to individual merit, less to inherited position and name. A society of this sort, where opportunities exist for all, is bound to be more competitive than a society in which status is to a certain degree fixed. Rivalries will tend to be deepened, and a common code of conduct may be set aside when the winning of the game becomes so paramount that rules cease to matter. This, I submit, is a very real danger; it is essential that any group associating with each other should have a common scale of values.

Unwin Fleming.

STICKING TO ONE'S LAST.

IT is certainly necessary to remember that when eminent divines hold forth about the bank rate they are speaking as private individuals, and not *ex-cathedra*. It is equally necessary to remember that when Assistant Secretaries of State expound that the moral evils of mankind, or a considerable portion of them, can be eradicated by a lowering of the Hawley-Smoot tariff, they are equally speaking beyond their book.

Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, M.P.

GROW EAR-FLAPS!

GOD, Who mercifully gave us eye-lids, neglected to provide us with ear-flaps, an omission which, as the world grows noisier, has become such a disability that I confidently expect that the next mutation of a purposive Life-Force, concerned to evolve those characteristics which are necessary to enable its individual expression to carry life to a higher level, will not be long-livedness, but the more humble acquisition of ear-flaps.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

IRISH GOVERNMENT.

THE Irish conception of government, North or South, has never been quite the English one. The Englishman, given the reins of office, does nothing without precedent. But the Irishman has no detachment; he is both reins and horse. To him office without power is meaningless.

W. R. Rodgers.

WOMEN, NO INSPIRATION!

NOTHING worth doing that has ever been done in the world has ever been done for the love of a woman, or as the result of the inspirations of a woman... Domestic happiness is no doubt very fine, but it is very enfeebling, and the happily married man undergoes a sort of fatty degeneration of his moral and intellectual being.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

"Leggo, be damned. The British bulldog ain't the only guy who can get to grips with the enemy."

WELL, I MUST BLOW MY OWN TRUMPET SOMETIMES



This England

"Dog and Badger"? Medenham Village, Oxfordshire.

Hm! Place looks deserted. Has everybody gone into the



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF



"And I always wanted to play 'Puss in Boot'."

"Hi, there! Don't you know the slogan, 'Coughs and sneezes —'"

